

Summary: Willow is worried about her best friend.

Categories: [Angel/Buffy](#) Characters: Ensemble, Spike, Spike/Xander, Willow, Xander

Genres: Gen, Het, Slash

Warnings: Angst, Brain-Insane, Character Death, Violence, WIP

Challenges: None

Series: Baby Blues

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 2211 Read: 154 Published: 04/25/2011 Updated: 04/25/2011

Story Notes:

SPOILERS: General up to the end of S5. Some especially for The Body.

NOTES 1: Willow POV this part. The series will switch POV as it goes along.

NOTES 2: Buffy is alive and well in this fic. Not sure if she just didn't die or if they brought her back somehow. It's not really relevant to the story so make up your own minds.

DEDICATION: Thanks always to Mod. The bestest beta this side of anywhere. Also a special thanks to Jen for all your wonderful comments. You really made me think.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Karen

Chapter 1 by Karen

Part 3 - Concern

Willow's POV

I'm worried about him.

He barely speaks and when he does it's only when one of us asks him a question. It's usually just a one-word answer; sometimes just a non-committal grunt.

Not that I can blame him. He has been through so much. I think if it were me, if it had been Tara that had died, I would have just curled up into a little ball and died myself. I can't even begin to imagine what he is feeling. The pain he is in.

He hasn't cried since that night. He was sobbing uncontrollably when she died, but when the ambulance finally arrived to take her to the hospital, he just stopped. His expression became blank and the life just drained from his eyes. It hasn't returned.

The funeral last week was harsh. Maybe even worse than Joyce's. I don't know. It was a simple service. Not many guests. Anya didn't really make any friends outside the gang. A few regular customers from the shop attended. We managed to have the service in the late evening, so that Spike could go. That was the only thing that Xander asked for. Giles and I took care of the rest of the arrangements. It's something I hope I never have to do again. Having to pick the casket; put an announcement in the paper; order the flowers. I just hope I got ones that she would have liked. It's silly really. It's not as if she will ever get to see them.

Giles spoke a few words at the funeral. He had to gloss over a few details about her past, but he said some really nice things. He talked about her zeal for business and he refreshing honesty in all situations. His voice kept breaking. I could see the tears forming in his eyes as he spoke. Xander didn't show any reaction at all.

At least when Joyce died we knew that we could count on Xander to be there for us. Maybe we took him for granted. When I think about all the times he has been there to comfort one of us when we needed it...even if it was just to go on one of his donut runs. For him, it was just another way of showing he cared, and that he was thinking of us. Now he can barely acknowledge our existence.

I miss him.

We haven't left him alone since it happened. I guess all of us are afraid that he might try something drastic. None of us have mentioned it, but I know we have all had the same thought. We take turns spending the night on his couch. Even Spike has volunteered. In fact, I think he has done more nights with Xander than any of us. I know he and Anya were pretty close: they had that demon connection. I can see the worry in his eyes, just as strong as mine, whenever he looks at Xander.

We're all collected together at the Magic shop. Giles is telling us all about the current evil. I'm not sure any of us are really listening. Even Giles doesn't seem too interested in what he is saying. Everybody has become so introspective since that night. The silences between us have become so much longer.

I think we all really did take Xander for granted. When the silences got too long before, he was always there to fill them with a silly joke. When Giles droned on and on we could rely on Xander to tease him unmercifully. He made us laugh. He broke the tension. He kept us sane. Without him we are all lost. I don't think I ever realised how much support he really provided.

It's my turn to stay with Xander tonight while the rest of the gang is out fighting the good fight. I'm not sure whether to be relieved that I won't have to fight, or upset because I have to keep watching Xander with his dead eyes.

His first doctor's appointment is tomorrow. That's something else he barely acknowledges: the baby. I hope I did the right thing. It was the only thing I could think of. I'm not good in a crisis, I feel like I get all flustered and I don't know what to do. Anya just kept looking at me, pleading with her eyes for me to find a way to save the baby. If this had happened a couple of years ago I never would have managed, but I've been working hard at my magic. If nothing else, at least I can say I did some good. I just wish I could have saved Anya too.

The spell was just so much stronger than the one I did against Glory, and back then I needed Tara to help me. It wasn't just transporting the baby from Anya to Xander, it was changing Xander as well to prepare him for carrying the baby. I mean he's right; guys can't have babies, so I had to make some changes. I haven't gone into detail with him about what I did. I don't think he is ready to hear about it yet. He doesn't want to hear about anything to do with the baby. Male bodies just weren't designed for this. I have written down everything that I did for the doctor though. She should know about it even if Xander doesn't want to hear it.

Giles did a lot of research trying to find a doctor that could deal with Xander's condition. It looks like he found a good one. A Dr. Matthews, I think. He found out about her through one of his regular customers: a powerful witch called Megan. They are twin sisters. Tara and I have talked to Megan a few times. She's nice so hopefully her sister will be nice too. They are both human, but Dr. Matthews runs a clinic on the outskirts of town that handles a lot of demon cases. It's probably just as well we didn't know about it before, because Buffy probably would have wanted to storm the place and kill any demon she could find.

Giles talked to the doctor on the phone, and according to him she is quite excited about meeting Xander. She has dealt with a number of male demon pregnancies, but never a human one. She did put one condition on his visit though: no Slayer. She runs her clinic as a safe haven for anyone, human or demon, that needs medical help. She will treat you as long as you respect her, and the other patients. Make any trouble and see Megan's wrath. I did say she was powerful. I think most folks are kinda scared of her. The last thing she needs is a Slayer around to agitate all her demon patients.

Xander didn't want to go at first, in fact, he downright refused to go. I think in his eyes, if he doesn't admit that there is a baby, then it will all go away and he won't have to deal with it. If he goes to the doctor, it will be confirmed, and he will have to deal with it.

In the end we wore him down through sheer persistence. I think he gave in just to shut us all up. We all wanted to go along with him to show our support, but in the end he said he would go, if only Spike went with him. I know Xander thinks Spike will make the least fuss. He's probably right. If it were Tara or I, we would probably be asking him if there was anything he needed every five minutes. Well, sometimes I just don't know what to say to him anymore. We've been best friends since we were toddlers and I can't think of anything to say. What kind of friend am I?

I haven't heard him speak a full sentence since a few days ago. I was at the back of the shop looking through a shipment of new books that Giles had just received. Xander came up to me, his head was low and his eyes were dejected.

"Willow?" His voice was so soft I almost missed it. I looked up at him. I thought, maybe this was it. Maybe he was finally going to confide in me. Let me help him.

"Xander. How are you? Is there anything I can get you?" I had to stop myself from going further. My ramblings are not going to help him now.

"I wanted to ask you something. About the spell," he was still looking down, as if afraid to meet my eyes.

"Anything Xander, you know that," he never talked about the baby voluntarily. It looked like a good sign.

"Can you do it again?" His voice look on a hint of hope that I found heartbreaking. He looked up at me and our eyes met. He was asking me to undo the procedure. To give the baby to somebody else. I lost all my words. It's only been a week, but it feels like years, since I saw any emotion on Xander's face. How could I tell him that I couldn't do it?

"Xander, I..." I didn't get to finish. My face must have given away what I was about to tell him.

"Please Willow. I can't do this. It's too much," his eyes were so large and red, moistening with unshed tears.

"I can't Xander, I'm so sorry," I could feel the tears well up in my eyes as well.

"Why? You did it once for Anya. Why can't you do it for me. Please Willow, I'm begging you, I can't handle this," his voice was stronger now. Taking on a harder edge.

I wonder if he had any idea what he was doing to me. I had been praying all week for Xander to speak, to reveal some of what he has been thinking and feeling. I wanted to help him get better and all I was doing was making it worse.

"Oh Xander, I'm sorry I can't do it for you. It's just too dangerous." Surely he would understand.

"Dangerous?"

"It would harm the baby Xander. It probably wouldn't...it wouldn't survive another transference," I hated saying the words. There has been enough death in our lives already.

"The baby would die?" He was thinking about it. It was only for a moment, but I could see the look flash across his face. He actually considered it anyway. But the look was quickly replaced by the same emotionless mask he had been wearing for days. The tears that were threatening to fall quickly receded. He didn't say another word. He slowly turned around and walked back to his seat by the table.

At least he doesn't have to go to work at the moment. Thank the Powers That Be, for small

mercies. When Anya died, she left everything to Xander, including a fairly hefty bank balance she had accumulated through her investments. We all knew she was good with money. None of us guessed she was quite this good. It's not enough to live off, but it will allow Xander to stop working through the pregnancy and to provide for the baby once it is born. A construction site is no place for Xander while he's pregnant.

I've had over a week to get used to it, but saying it...it still sounds so strange. Xander is pregnant!

But now, we're just sitting here in silence. It's overpowering. He has a book lying in front of him on the table. He's not reading it. He's not even pretending, like he used to back in high school, when Giles would have us researching for hours on end.

Sometimes I wish we could go back to that time. Just Buffy, Giles, Xander and I, researching the latest evil in the school library. We didn't see it at the time, but things were so much simpler back then. We were so innocent. Before Buffy came we never carried stakes, or crosses or holy water. We had no idea what was really out there. How dangerous the world really is. Even after Buffy came, I think we still thought, deep down, that we were invincible. We were the Scooby Gang. All of demon kind should flee in terror at our might. Who knew the world actually contained evil like The Master, Adam, or Glory.

But then there would be no Tara. I don't think I could ever give up Tara. Joyce would be alive though, but I guess technically Dawn wouldn't. Then there is Jenny, and Larry, and hell, even Harmony. So much death. If only I could get rid of all the bad stuff and keep all the good.

Our lives have been so full of them recently: if only's. If only Anya hadn't gone on patrol. If only we had been a little more alert. If only we had managed to kill the demon more quickly.

I just wish...no there's no point. Wishing won't bring her back. I just have to focus on Xander now. I have to find a way to help him get through this.

****End Part 3****

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=72>